POLICE COMICS

MARCH No. 52 10¢

QUALITY COMIC GROUP

PLASTIC MAN
combats CRIME WITHOUT CRIMINALS!



WEBCOMIC UNIVERSE.COM















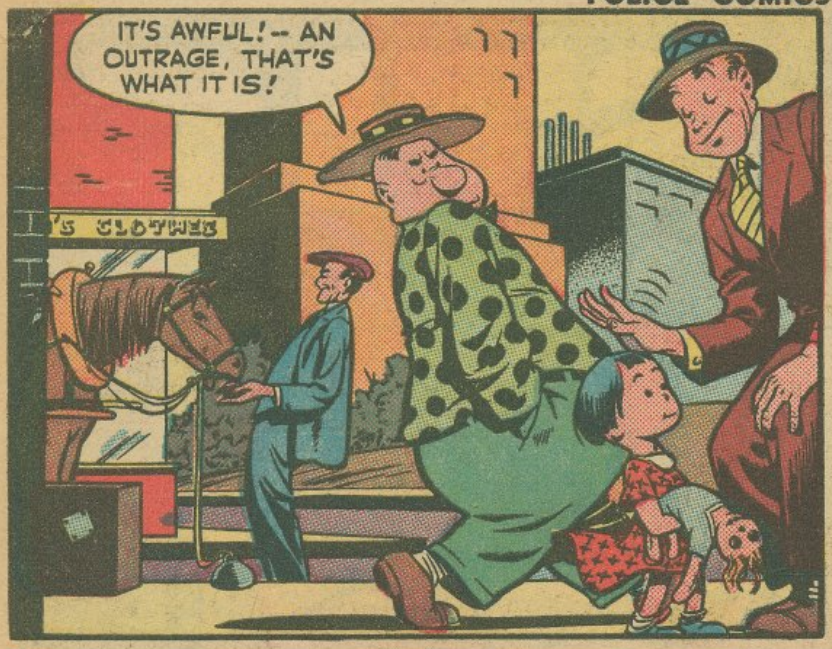


TUNE IN HOP HARRIGAN ABC NETWORK 4-4:45 MON. THRU FRI.

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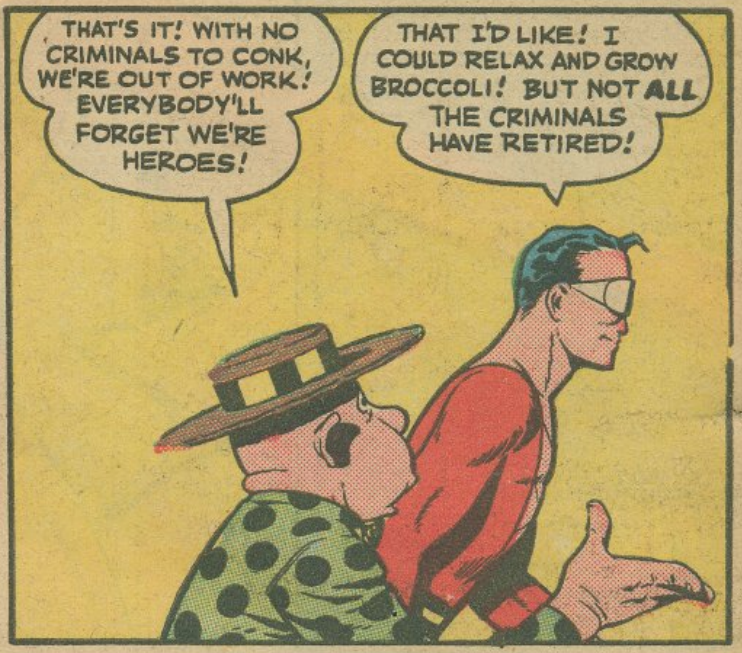
PLASTIC MAN


Can't be in two places at once?
ARE YOU KIDDING?
Plastic Man can be EVERYWHERE at once---
and usually IS!!!!!

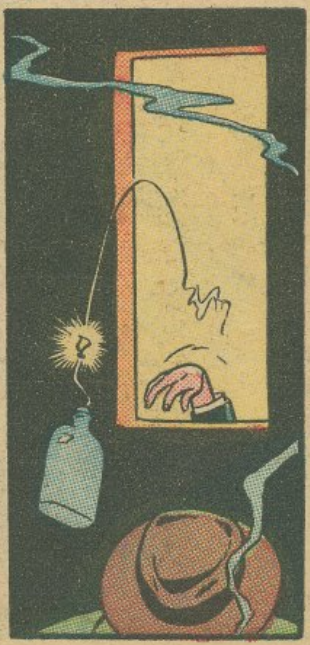

IT'S AWFUL! -- AN OUTRAGE, THAT'S WHAT IT IS!
'S CLOTHES


I'LL NOT LET THEM GET AWAY WITH IT! I'LL WRITE TO MY CONGRESSMAN -- IF I CAN LEARN TO SPELL!
WHAT'S THE DISTRESS SIGNAL FOR, WOOZY? SOMETHING BITING YOU?

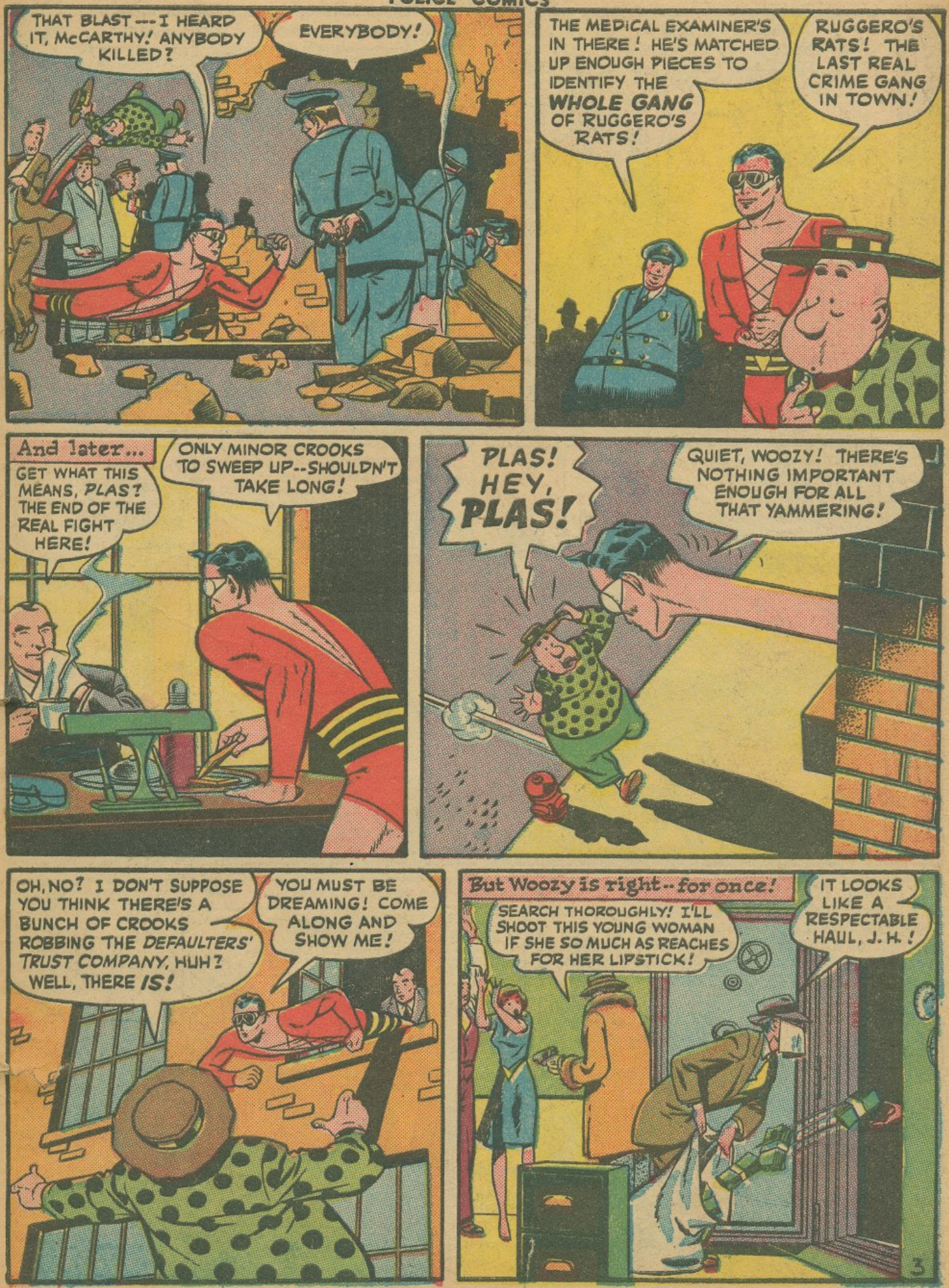

BITING ME? IT'S EATING ME ALIVE! LOOK, PLAS, EVERYBODY'S TURNING SO GENTLE -- SO RESPECTABLE -- SO LAW-ABIDING!
IS THAT BAD? WE'VE BEEN WORKING HARD TO CLEAN UP THE CRIME WORLD!

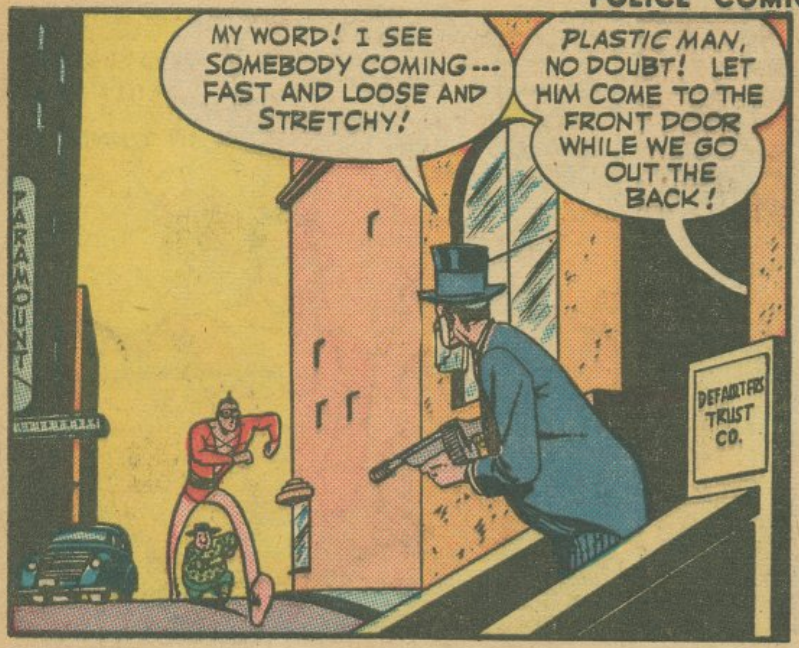

THAT'S IT! WITH NO CRIMINALS TO CONK, WE'RE OUT OF WORK! EVERYBODY'LL FORGET WE'RE HEROES!
THAT I'D LIKE! I COULD RELAX AND GROW BROCCOLI! BUT NOT ALL THE CRIMINALS HAVE RETIRED!


You said a mouthful, PLASTIC MAN! Not far away, a conference ---
SURE THE TRADE'S GOOD! WITH PLASTIC MAN ARRESTING SO MANY COMPETITORS, WE GOT IT ALL TO OURSELVES!
IF ONLY WE DIDN'T HAVE TO CONTEND WITH --




SECOND STORY CLUB
BLAM!
2

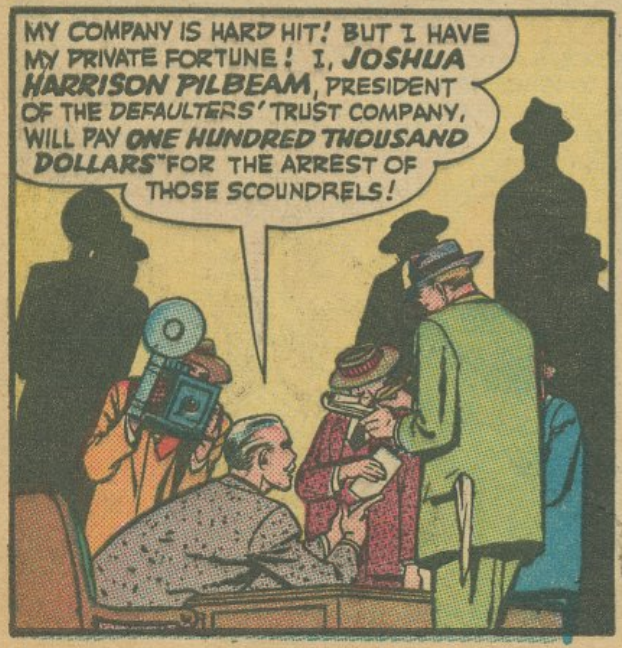

THAT BLAST --- I HEARD IT, McCARTHY! ANYBODY KILLED?
EVERYBODY!
THE MEDICAL EXAMINER'S IN THERE! HE'S MATCHED UP ENOUGH PIECES TO IDENTIFY THE WHOLE GANG OF RUGGERO'S RATS!
RUGGERO'S RATS! THE LAST REAL CRIME GANG IN TOWN!
And later...
GET WHAT THIS MEANS, PLAS? THE END OF THE REAL FIGHT HERE!
ONLY MINOR CROOKS TO SWEEP UP--SHOULDN'T TAKE LONG!
PLAS! HEY, PLAS!
QUIET, WOOZY! THERE'S NOTHING IMPORTANT ENOUGH FOR ALL THAT YAMMERING!
OH, NO? I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU THINK THERE'S A BUNCH OF CROOKS ROBBING THE DEFAULTERS' TRUST COMPANY, HUH? WELL, THERE IS!
YOU MUST BE DREAMING! COME ALONG AND SHOW ME!
But Woozy is right--for once!
SEARCH THOROUGHLY! I'LL SHOOT THIS YOUNG WOMAN IF SHE SO MUCH AS REACHES FOR HER LIPSTICK!
IT LOOKS LIKE A RESPECTABLE HAUL, J. H.!
3


MY WORD! I SEE SOMEBODY COMING --- FAST AND LOOSE AND STRETCHY!
PLASTIC MAN, NO DOUBT! LET HIM COME TO THE FRONT DOOR WHILE WE GO OUT THE BACK!
DEFAULTERS TRUST CO.


When the news flashes back...
GOT AWAY JUST AS YOU REACHED THERE, PLAS? KEEP ON THE JOB --- I'LL GET THE CITY POLICE IN!


COMB EVERY DIVE AND HIDEOUT FOR THOSE CROOKS! WE GOT TO MAKE THIS CRIME CLEANUP 100 PERCENT!


The president of the rifled trust company reaches his office....
YES, MR. PILBEAM -- THEY GOT AWAY WITH ALL THE CASH!
SOMETHING MUST BE DONE! SUMMON THE REPORTERS!
J. H. PILBEAM


MY COMPANY IS HARD HIT! BUT I HAVE MY PRIVATE FORTUNE! I, JOSHUA HARRISON PILBEAM, PRESIDENT OF THE DEFAULTERS' TRUST COMPANY, WILL PAY ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE ARREST OF THOSE SCOUNDRELS!

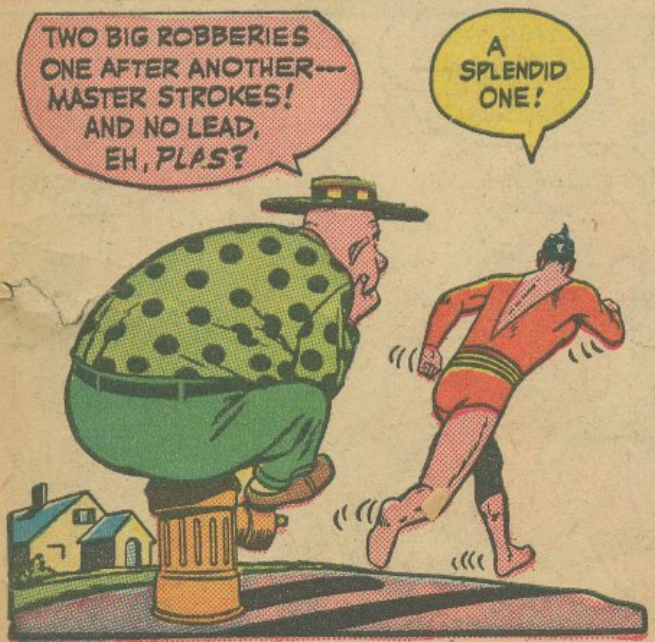

While the police search...
I FEEL RELIEVED! NO SENSE OF DANGER! THE POLICE WILL KNOW WHERE TO LOOK FOR THAT TERRIBLE GANG!
NOT QUITE, SIR!
REDUCED FOR CLEARANCE $25.00


LOOK, J. H.! EVERY STONE PERFECT!
THEY'LL LOOK FOR US--YES! BUT NOT HERE! THEY EXPECT US TO BE HIDING, NOT IN ACTION!


OH, BEFORE WE GO--- WHAT IS THIS GENTLEMAN TRYING TO DO?
N-NOTHING, SIR!


?
A BURGLAR ALARM? PERMIT ME---
BZZZZZZ
BZZZZZZ


CLANG
ALARM
CLANG
CLANG
I. SIMMS
THE POLICE WILL BE HERE IN A SECOND, J. H.!
YES, INDEED-- WONDERING WHICH TRAIL TO FOLLOW FIRST!
62110


TWO BIG ROBBERIES ONE AFTER ANOTHER--- MASTER STROKES! AND NO LEAD, EH, PLAS?
A SPLENDID ONE!


STOLEN JEWELS MUST BE SOLD -- THROUGH A FENCE! AND THE ONLY FENCE LEFT IN TOWN IS CRADDOCK--- JUST OUT OF JAIL!
LEMME COME ALONG, PLAS!


But Craddock is in no mood for visitors....
THERE! IT'S A PATENT LOCK--- NOBODY ELSE HAS A KEY---
CLICK!
WINDOWS BARRED AND BOLTED--- BLINDS DOWN--- AND NOW-----
AHHHH! WHAT A TREASURE--- EVEN AT THE PRICE I PAID!
YOOHOO! CRADDOCK!
WHO'S THAT COMING DOWN THE CHIMNEY?
IT ISN'T SANTA CLAUS!
I WATCHED YOU TAKE THOSE STOLEN JEWELS FROM THE DRAWER!
DID YOU ALSO SEE THIS?
TAKE THAT---AND THAT---
I'LL TAKE NO LEAD! ONLY THESE GEWGAWS FOR EVIDENCE!
I'LL TAKE THIS, TOO! AND, LAST OF ALL, I'LL TAKE YOUR CONFESSION!
I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING!


YOU MEAN YOU'LL BRAZEN IT OUT? EVEN THOUGH I FOUND THE JEWELS IN YOUR POSSESSION?
I'LL ADMIT I BOUGHT THEM FROM THE CROOKS--
WHAT CROOKS? NAME THEM!
I CAN'T! THEY CAME TO ME MASKED-- STRANGERS!
I HEARD THEM CALL THEIR LEADER J.H.! THAT'S ALL!
HERE, WOOZY, GRAB HIM! I'M ON A TRAIL-- MAYBE!
FINGERPRINTS -- THESE WILL BE COVERED WITH FINGERPRINTS! AND THE F.B.I. RECORDS---
FINGERPRINTS OF SEVERAL MEN, YES! BUT THE ONLY SET IN OUR FILES IS CRADDOCK'S! THE REST ARE UNLISTED--
GOOD!!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, GOOD? IF WE'VE NEVER FINGERPRINTED THOSE ROBBERS ---
IT MAKES MY THEORY PRACTICALLY AIRTIGHT! I'LL BE BACK IN A FLASH WITH SOME TRASH!


At the town's most powerful broadcasting mike...
WE ARE GLAD TO ALLOW PLASTIC MAN OPPORTUNITY FOR A SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT---
AND HERE IT IS, FOLKS! WE HAVE A LEAD ON THE MYSTERIOUS HORDE OF HEISTERS THAT HAS TERRORIZED THE CITY! EVEN WHERE THEY'LL STRIKE NEXT---
ON THE AIR
--THE WEST SIDE BANK! ALL RIGHT, WE DARE THEM! WE'LL BE READY!
PLASTIC MAN --- IS HE SERIOUS? OR IS IT A GAG? WATCH THAT WEST SIDE BANK, MEN!
BECAUSE, IF HE AND HIS PALS ARE GOING TO BE THERE, WE'LL BE AS FAR AWAY AS POSSIBLE --- ROBBING THE EAST SIDE BANK!
CHCHK
THERE GOES WOOZY WINKS, PLASTIC MAN'S PAL --- LIKEWISE COPS! BUT THAT ROBED FIGURE ---
PLASTIC MAN, OF COURSE! HE'S DISGUISED --BUT WE KNOW HIM!
WEST SIDE BANK
At the East Side Bank...
NO SIGN OF SPECIAL GUARDS HERE! ONLY THAT ECCENTRIC OLD DEPOSITOR, WITH A BAG OF MONEY---
QUICK, CALL J.H. AND THE OTHERS! THIS WILL BE OUR BIGGEST AND EASIEST HAUL!
THIS IS A HOLDUP! CUSTOMERS LINE UP AT THE RIGHT! EMPLOYEES AT THE LEFT! EVERY-BODY SHELL OUT!


WHAT DO YOU WANT, SIR?
YOU KNOW WHAT! OPEN THAT BAG FULL OF MONEY -- AT ONCE!
OH, LIKE THIS?
BAM!
COME OUT, MEN! HERE'S OUR OBJECTIVE!
PLASTIC MAN --- A TRAP! RUN!
WAIT, YOU!
LET ME GO!
NO -- THE REST GOT AWAY, BUT YOU'LL STAY AND TELL US WHAT'S WHAT!
LOOK!
WE'LL LEAVE NOBODY BEHIND TO CHAT WITH THE POLICE!
AS THEY WENT THEY KILLED THIS MAN, CHIEF! HE'LL NEVER TALK!
BRING THE BODY TO HEADQUARTERS FOR IDENTIFICATION!


AMAZING! WE'VE POSITIVELY IDENTIFIED THIS ROBBER AS G. RUFUS MONTDIDGER --A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MAN!
THAT'S ANOTHER STEP IN PROVING MY THEORY!
YOUR THEORY IS THAT BUSINESS MEN ARE LEADING A DOUBLE LIFE AS ROBBERS? EXPLAIN---
THEY CALL THEIR LEADER J.H.--- IT'S TYCOON PRACTICE TO NICKNAME EACH OTHER BY INITIALS! THAT WAS MY FIRST HINT!
MORGUE
WHEN WE COULDN'T FIND THEIR FINGER-PRINTS IN OUR FILES, THAT MEANT NO RECORDS! INTELLIGENT MEN NEW IN CRIME!
I GET IT! DISHONEST OPERATORS, FIGURING TO CASH IN ON THE FIELD LEFT VACANT BY THE PROFESSIONAL CROOKS WE'VE CLEANED OUT!
FBI
BUT YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ME EVERY-THING! YOU HAVE A SUSPECT AND---
ONLY A SUSPECT SO FAR! I HAVE TO MAKE SURE
MAKE SURE? BUT HOW?
HERE'S MY PLAN! LISTEN---
Later...
LAW AND ORDER CLOSES IN FAST ON THOSE CRIMINALS! CRADDOCK, THE FENCE, HAS GIVEN VALUABLE INFORMATION ---AND IS BEING FREED AS A REWARD!
CONTROL ROOM
THANKS FOR WHAT YOU TOLD US, CRADDOCK! GOODBYE, AND GO STRAIGHT!
I INTEND TO, SIR!
FBI
CHIEF BRANNER


NOW?
NO, THIS STREET'S TOO PUBLIC! JUST FOLLOW HIM!


HE'S GOING INTO THAT ALLEY!
WE'LL GET HIM FROM BOTH SIDES! CLOSE IN!


AH, CRADDOCK, WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!
J.H.!


I'M GOING---
NOT THIS WAY, CRADDOCK! RELAX AND COME WITH US --OR SHALL WE PERSUADE YOU?

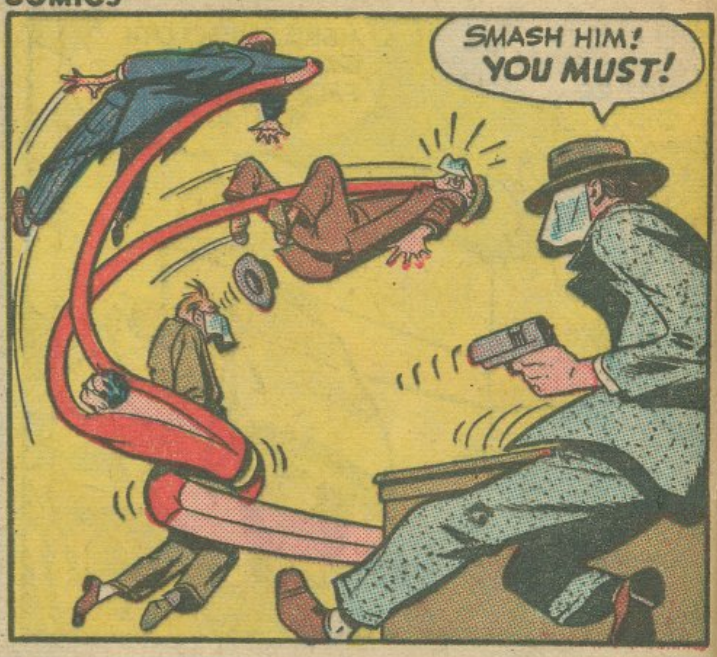

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?
I'M NOT TELLING YOU, CRADDOCK! YOU KNOW TOO MUCH ALREADY AND TALKED TOO MUCH!


SO WE'RE GOING TO TAKE YOU WHERE YOU'LL NEVER EXPOSE ANOTHER SECRET!
THEY FORCED ME TO TALK! PLASTIC MAN KNOWS A THOUSAND WAYS OF SQUEEZING SECRETS OUT OF YOU!


THIS DOOR OPENS ONLY TO A SPECIAL SIGNAL!
THAT YOU, J. H.? WAIT TILL I UNFASTEN THE LOCKS!
THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A REGULAR ELEVATOR!
IT ISN'T!
IT DOESN'T OPEN INTO A REGULAR CORRIDOR OF THIS SKYSCRAPER! IT COMES OUT IN THE REAR ROOM OF WHAT APPEARS TO BE A BUSINESS OFFICE!---
WHICH I OPERATE AS A BLIND! PEOPLE THINK I'M A CURIO IMPORTER!
HERE WE ARE! QUITE COMFORTABE! BULLET-PROOF, SOUND-PROOF, POLICE-PROOF!
WHAT HAPPENS TO ME NOW? IF I DIE, WHO'LL BE THE FENCE FOR THE JEWELS AND THINGS YOU TAKE?
EASILY ANSWERED! WHEN THE CRIMINALS WERE THINNED OUT, WE BOMBED OUR ONLY COMPETITORS AND ORGANIZED TO TAKE OVER ON BIG BUSINESS TERMS-- SPARING ONLY YOU!
I'VE BEEN A FENCE-- A SUCCESSFUL MIDDLE-MAN FOR STOLEN GOODS-- FOR YEARS!
RIGHT! BUT WE'RE TAKING THAT OVER, TOO! THIS ASSOCIATE OF MINE WILL BE OUR FENCE!
UNKNOWN TO THE POLICE --NATURAL TALENT FOR THE BUSINESS -- I'LL BE SUCCESSFUL FROM THE BEGINNING!
BUT WE'VE TALKED LONG ENOUGH! TIE HIM TO THAT CHAIR!
WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO ME?


THE FATE OF ALL TRAITORS! YOU'LL BE SHOT!
HERE, THIS CLOTH GOES OVER YOUR FACE --- REGULATION, YOU KNOW!
READY!... AIM!...
FIRE!
BAM! BAM! BAM!
WAIT! ... THIS SUIT OF CLOTHES IS EMPTY!
AND HIS FACE-- THERE ISN'T ANY FACE!
ONLY A GHOST COULD CRAWL OUT OF THOSE CLOTHES -- ONLY A GHOST OR--
GIVE ME F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS, CENTRAL!
PLASTIC MAN!
YES, CHIEF, JUST TRACE THIS CALL AND COME OVER! I'LL KEEP OUR FRIENDS BUSY UNTIL YOU ARRIVE!


YOU STILL DEPEND ON VIOLENCE! WELL, THEN---
BANG! BANG! BANG!

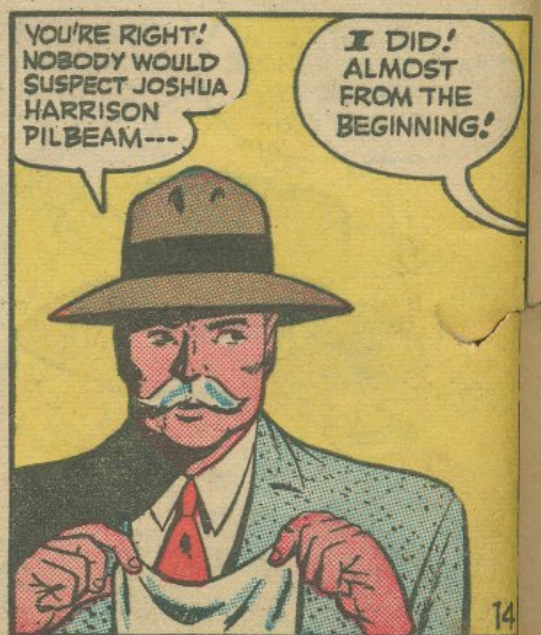

SMASH HIM! YOU MUST!


HE'S TOO MUCH FOR US, J. H. ---
AND THERE'S THE LAW AT THE DOOR! QUICK, THE ELEVATOR!
BAM! BAM! BAM!


Speeding on fear-winged feet, the two fugitives traverse the hidden passages-
NOW WHERE?
THE ONLY PLACE WE CAN BE SAFE FOR A WHILE -- MY OFFICE AT THE DEFAULTERS' TRUST!


WE CAN CATCH OUR BREATH--- DRAW SOME MONEY--AND GET OUT OF TOWN!
RIGHT, J. H.! AND GO SOME-PLACE WHERE PLASTIC MAN WON'T FIND US!
REAR ENTRANC


HERE'S MONEY ENOUGH FOR RAILROAD FARE!
LET'S TAKE OFF OUR MASKS! SOME OF THE OFFICE STAFF MIGHT WANDER IN!


YOU'RE RIGHT! NOBODY WOULD SUSPECT JOSHUA HARRISON PILBEAM---
I DID! ALMOST FROM THE BEGINNING!


PLASTIC MAN!
YES—I TOOK THIS DISGUISE RIGHT OFF ONE OF YOUR MEN!
J. H. STANDS FOR JOSHUA HARRISON! AND YOU WERE SO EMPHATIC ABOUT THAT REWARD YOU EXPECTED NOBODY TO COLLECT!
I'LL SHOOT MYSELF!--
NO! I WANT YOU ALIVE! IT WAS BRILLIANT, REALLY, TO ROB YOUR OWN COMPANY FIRST--AVERT SUSPICION!
BUSINESS METHODS ARE ALWAYS SUCCESSFUL—WHEN YOU'RE HONEST! BUT THE JAILS ARE FULL OF DISHONEST BUSINESS MEN!
I CAME TO MEET YOU HERE, PLAS—JUST LIKE YOU TOLD ME--
WE GOT THEM AS YOU SAID WE WOULD, PLAS! ALL BUT THE LEADER!
HERE HE IS ---PILBEAM! I WONDER IF HE'LL PAY THAT REWARD FOR HIS OWN CAPTURE!
F B I
CHIEF BRANNER
HEY, PLAS! I JUST HEARD THAT A NEW BUNCH OF MASTER CROOKS--PROFESSIONALS --ARE COMING INTO TOWN!
GLAD TO HEAR IT! THEY'LL BE EASY TO HANDLE!
DAILY NEWS
GANG CAPTURED

Flatfoot BURNS








AH! THIS DUMMY DOLL IS A PERFECT LIKENESS OF FLATFOOT, THE DUMMY DICK!
WITH OUR ARCH ENEMY ESTABLISHED AS OFFICIALLY DEAD, WE CAN KIDNAP FLATFOOT IN PERSON AND GET THAT EVIDENCE!
GOOD!
One mile down the river...
GULP! A DEAD BODY! CALL A COP, ARCHIBALD!
YEP, FLATFOOT! TWO KIDS SAW IT FLOATING PAST THE DOCKS! NOPE, NOT IDENTIFIED YET!
I'LL BE RIGHT OVER! SOME GUY PROBABLY COMMITTED SUICIDE TO BEAT THE INCOME TAXES!
CALL THE SHORE PATROL, CHIEF! WE MIGHT HAVE TO DRAG THE RIVER!
RIGHTO! SEE YOU AT THE DOCKS!
POLICE STATION


OUT OF MY WAY, KIDS! THE CASE IS PRACTICALLY SOLVED! THAT IS, AS SOON AS I IDENTIFY THE BODY!
B-BUT... M-MR. BURNS... IT LOOKS LIKE---
--YOU!
GULP!
GEE!
TELL THE CHIEF TO MEET ME DOWN THE RIVER!... I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO MY BODY BEFORE IT REACHES THE WATERFALL!
FLATFOOT KIT
HMF! HERE I COME!
AH! MR. BURNS! LOOKING FOR YOURSELF!
?
JUST HAND OVER THAT EVIDENCE... BEFORE YOU JOIN YOUR ANCESTORS!
YOU'VE GIVEN ME AN IDEA, GENTLEMEN!
HEY!


THE DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSER! ... PRETENDING TO BE A DEAD BODY! I'LL KILL HIM... I'LL PLUG HIM FULL OF ---
WAIT, JOE!
DON'T SHOOT! YOU MIGHT HIT THE WRONG GUY... ≥GULP≤... AND IF YOU DO HIT FLATFOOT, YOU'LL RUIN THE EVIDENCE PAPERS! HMMM!
WHAT A PREDICAMENT!
THEN WE'D BETTER GET DOWN TO THE WATERFALL! HE'LL HAVE TO END THIS PRETENSE THERE, OR HE'LL END HIS LIFE!
HMF! SO THAT'S THEIR PLAN!... I'LL TRICK THEM WITH THEIR OWN DUMMY!
Meanwhile...
STOP THE MOTOR, JOHN! THERE IT IS!
SHORE PATROL
OMIGOSH! IT'S FLATFOOT! HE'S MET WITH FOUL PLAY!


GULP! HE WAS SUCH A SMART DETECTIVE, EVEN THOUGH HE WAS DUMB AT TIMES!
SOB
SOB
SOB
HMF!
SO! I WAS DUMB AT TIMES, EH? I'LL TEACH HIM A LESSON!
PUT ME DOWN IMMEDIATELY, YOU BIG DOPE!
PATROL
I-IT'S F-FLAT-FOOT'S GHOST! H-H-HELP!
HMM-M! HE'S SUFFERED ENOUGH BY NOW!
HEY, CHIEF!
PATROL
GEE... I--I THOUGHT B-BOTH OF YOU WERE DEAD!... I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
THE DUMMY WAS PLANTED BY THE CROOKS IN ORDER TO TRAP ME, CHIEF!
SHORE PATROL
...BUT I POSED AS A DUMMY MYSELF, IN ORDER TO CONFUSE THEM! MEET ME AT THE WATER-FALL AND I'LL SOLVE THE CASE!
OKAY!


HELP!
IT'S FLATFOOT!... DUMMIES DON'T TALK!
But... UNDER the waterfall...
HEH! HEH! THEY THINK IT'S ME!
HELP!
WRONG AGAIN, CROOKS... ARE YOU LOOKING FOR ME?
GULP!
I TOLD YOU IT WOULD WORK!
OW!
YEAH! NOW WE CAN GET THE EVIDENCE!
DOUBLE-CROSSED US AGAIN!
GET 'EM UP!
YOU KNOW, FLATFOOT, THAT DUMMY LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE YOU!
YEP! I'M NOT SUCH A BAD LOOKING GUY AT THAT, EH, CHIEF?

The Human BOMB

by Paul Gustavson

ROY LINCOLN discovered the power which, injected into his veins, made his knuckles the biggest blasting force in history --- he is the HUMAN BOMB! And his partner, Hustace Throckmorton duplicates that power with his fidgety feet!



In the rear room of the laboratory where so much adventure has begun...

ARE YOU IN AS BAD A JAM AS YOU LOOK, HUSTACE?

NO, ROY--- WORSE! IT'S ALL BECAUSE I'M YOUR PUBLIC REPRESENTATIVE WHEN YOU'RE THE HUMAN BOMB!

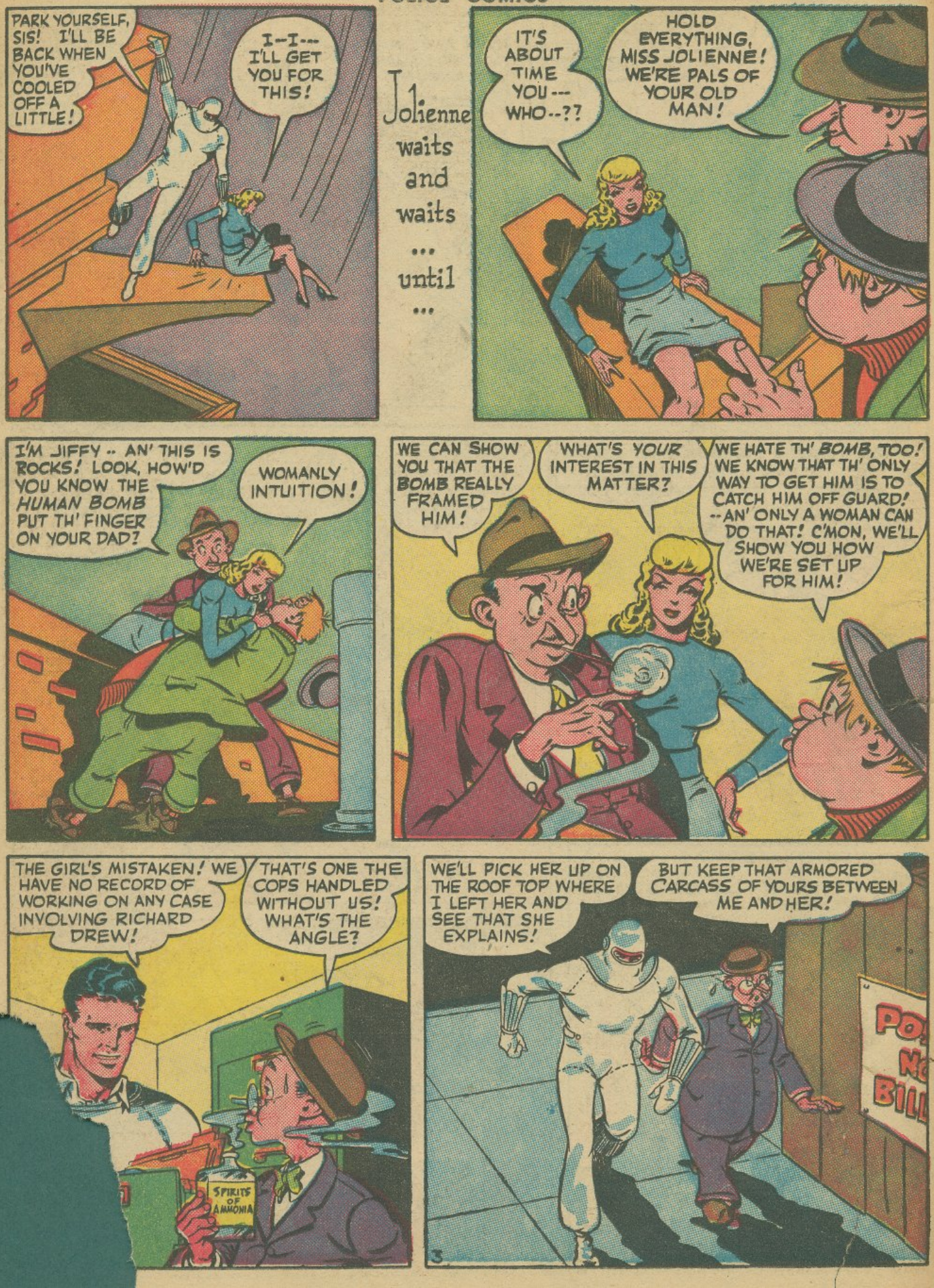
BUT I HATE PUBLIC INTERVIEWS AND CALLERS! AND YOU LOVE EXCITEMENT!

NOT TOO MUCH EXCITEMENT-- AND NOT TOO CLOSE!

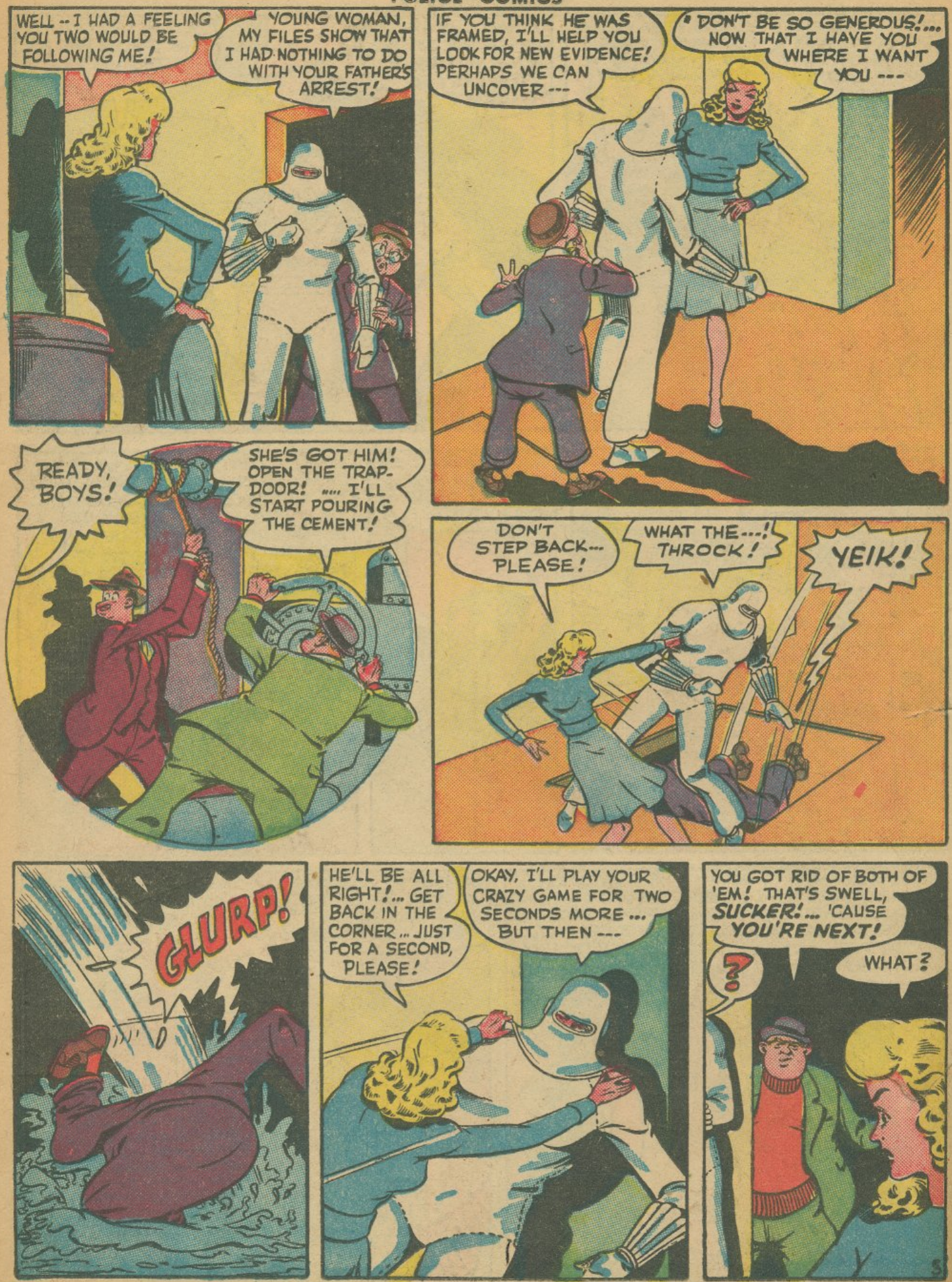
THAT GIRL CAME TO SEE ME! SAID SHE'S A DEADLY ENEMY OF THE HUMAN BOMB! OFFERED TO KILL ME-- JUST FOR A WARM-UP!

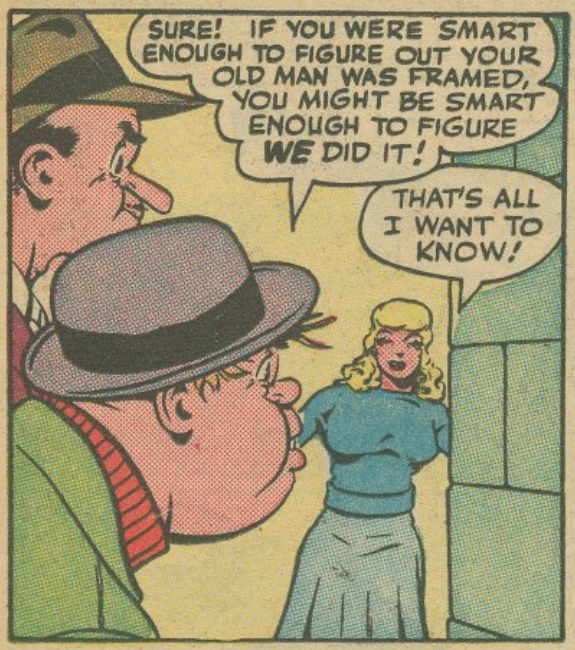
THEN KEEP HER BUSY UNTIL I CAN CHANGE TO THE HUMAN BOMB! I'LL SHOW HER!

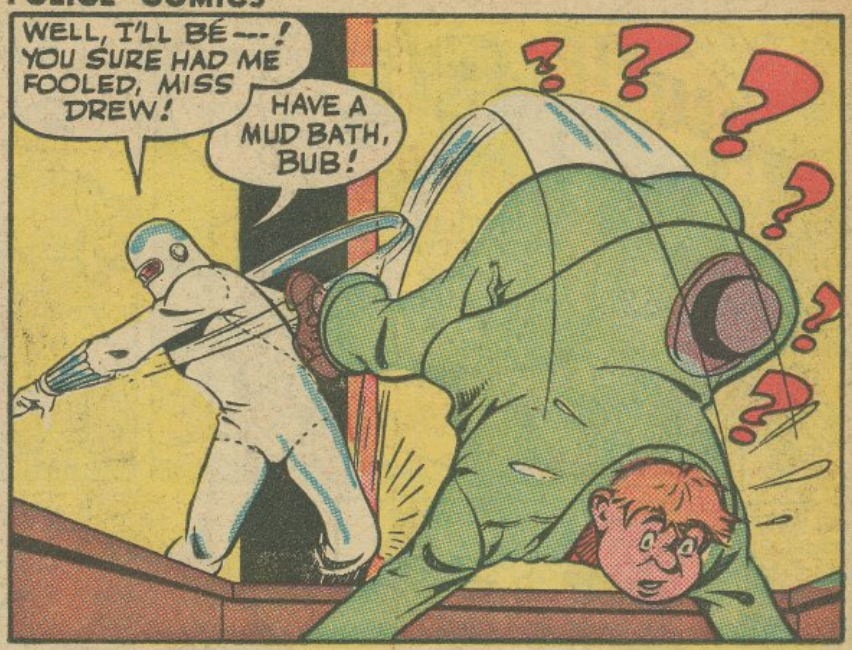

J-JUST WHY ARE YOU THREATENING TO KILL ME ---ER --- MISS --MISS...
JOLIENNE DREW!--BECAUSE YOU'RE A FRIEND OF THE HUMAN BOMB!
--AND I'M HIS ENEMY! READY TO BE VIOLENT! HE SENT MY FATHER, RICHARD DREW, TO JAIL ON A FRAMED BANK ROBBERY CHARGE!
TSK! TSK!
I'LL HAVE REVENGE --- AND I'M STARTING WITH YOU!
YEIK!
The knife flashes at Throckmorton ---but a hand stops it --- the hand of the HUMAN BOMB!
WHY DON'T YOU SHARPEN THAT KNIFE ONCE IN A WHILE? I DIDN'T EVEN FEEL IT!
TH'--- TH'--- HUMAN BOMB! EEEAAH!
I HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY---
SO DO I --- BUT I LIKE ACTION BETTER!
LOOKIT!
YEAH! WE BETTER FOLLOW 'EM!


PARK YOURSELF, SIS! I'LL BE BACK WHEN YOU'VE COOLED OFF A LITTLE!
I--I--- I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS!
Jolienne waits and waits ... until ...
IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU--- WHO--??
HOLD EVERYTHING, MISS JOLIENNE! WE'RE PALS OF YOUR OLD MAN!
I'M JIFFY -- AN' THIS IS ROCKS! LOOK, HOW'D YOU KNOW THE HUMAN BOMB PUT TH' FINGER ON YOUR DAD?
WOMANLY INTUITION!
WE CAN SHOW YOU THAT THE BOMB REALLY FRAMED HIM!
WHAT'S YOUR INTEREST IN THIS MATTER?
WE HATE TH' BOMB, TOO! WE KNOW THAT TH' ONLY WAY TO GET HIM IS TO CATCH HIM OFF GUARD! --AN' ONLY A WOMAN CAN DO THAT! C'MON, WE'LL SHOW YOU HOW WE'RE SET UP FOR HIM!
THE GIRL'S MISTAKEN! WE HAVE NO RECORD OF WORKING ON ANY CASE INVOLVING RICHARD DREW!
THAT'S ONE THE COPS HANDLED WITHOUT US! WHAT'S THE ANGLE?
SPIRITS OF AMMONIA
WE'LL PICK HER UP ON THE ROOF TOP WHERE I LEFT HER AND SEE THAT SHE EXPLAINS!
BUT KEEP THAT ARMORED CARCASS OF YOURS BETWEEN ME AND HER!
3

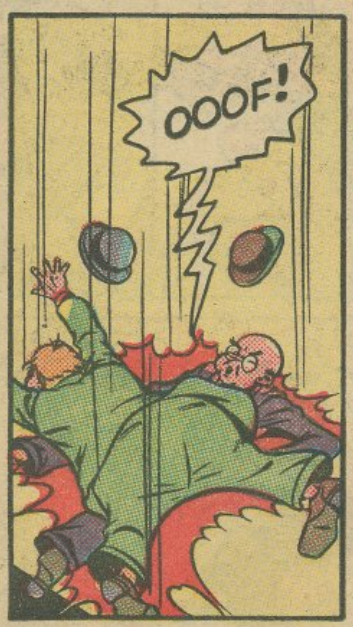

HOLD IT, THROCK! SHE'S NOT ON THE ROOF! IN FACT, SHE LEFT WITH TWO MEN!
HOW DO YOU KNOW? YOU HAVEN'T EVEN LOOKED!
I SAW THE TRACKS! FRESH TAR ON THE ROOF WILL MAKE THEM EASY TO TRACE!
NOT SO GOOD! THE TRACKS END AT THIS HACK STAND!
CHECKER
TAXI STAND
SURE I REMEMBER 'EM ... AN' WHERE I TOOK 'EM!... THEY GOT TAR ALL OVER ME CAB!
THAT'S WHERE THEY WENT... AN' THEY CAN STAY THERE FOR MY DOUGH!
YOU CAN COUNT ON HIS TRACING US! THE TAR ON THE ROOF CAME IN PERFECT FOR THAT!
WE'LL BE IN THE BACK ROOM WHERE THE GADGETS ARE ALL SET UP!
BUT HOW CAN YOU TAKE HIM OFF GUARD? HIS ARMOR CAN'T BE PIERCED..AND HIS KNUCKLES ARE DYNAMITE!
NOT WITH HIS GLOVES ON!... WHEEDLE HIM INTO STANDING ON THIS TRAP DOOR!... SIGNAL US!--WE'LL DROP HIM DOWN!
BEFORE HE UNGLOVES, WE POUR CEMENT ON HIM --- MAKE HIM A PERMANENT FOSSIL!
THERE HE IS NOW! GET INTO THE HIDDEN CONTROL ROOM!

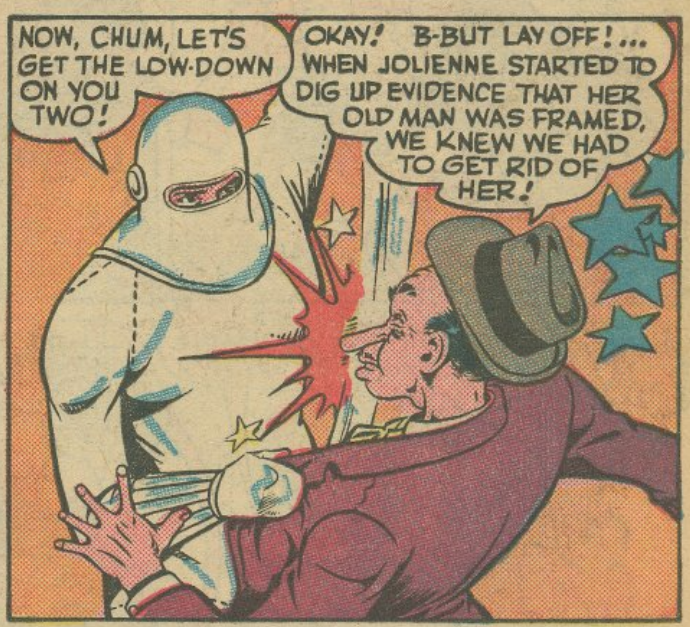

WELL -- I HAD A FEELING YOU TWO WOULD BE FOLLOWING ME!
YOUNG WOMAN, MY FILES SHOW THAT I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH YOUR FATHER'S ARREST!
IF YOU THINK HE WAS FRAMED, I'LL HELP YOU LOOK FOR NEW EVIDENCE! PERHAPS WE CAN UNCOVER ---
DON'T BE SO GENEROUS!... NOW THAT I HAVE YOU WHERE I WANT YOU ---
READY, BOYS!
SHE'S GOT HIM! OPEN THE TRAP-DOOR! I'LL START POURING THE CEMENT!
DON'T STEP BACK... PLEASE!
WHAT THE...! THROCK!
YEIK!
GLURP!
HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT!... GET BACK IN THE CORNER... JUST FOR A SECOND, PLEASE!
OKAY, I'LL PLAY YOUR CRAZY GAME FOR TWO SECONDS MORE... BUT THEN ---
YOU GOT RID OF BOTH OF 'EM! THAT'S SWELL, SUCKER!... 'CAUSE YOU'RE NEXT!
?
WHAT?

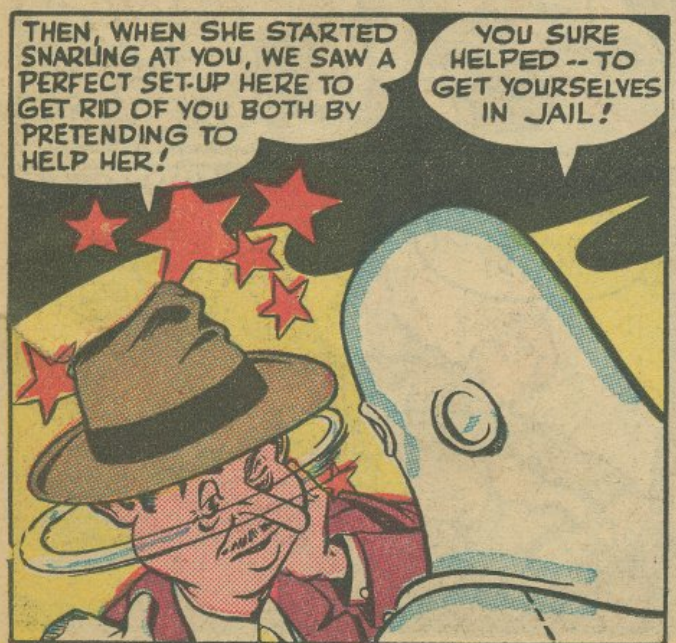

SURE! IF YOU WERE SMART ENOUGH TO FIGURE OUT YOUR OLD MAN WAS FRAMED, YOU MIGHT BE SMART ENOUGH TO FIGURE WE DID IT!
THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW!


WELL, I'LL BE---! YOU SURE HAD ME FOOLED, MISS DREW!
HAVE A MUD BATH, BUB!

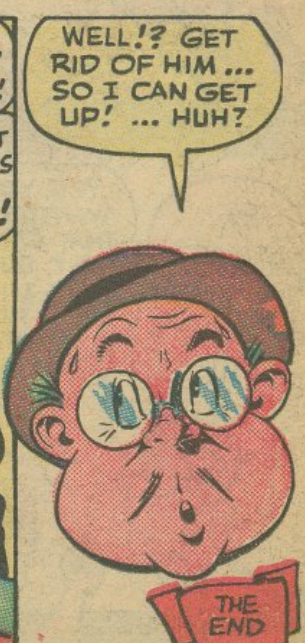

AS ROCKS piles into the cement pit on top of Throckmorton, Throck's shoe comes off -- and ---
BOOM!


OOOF!

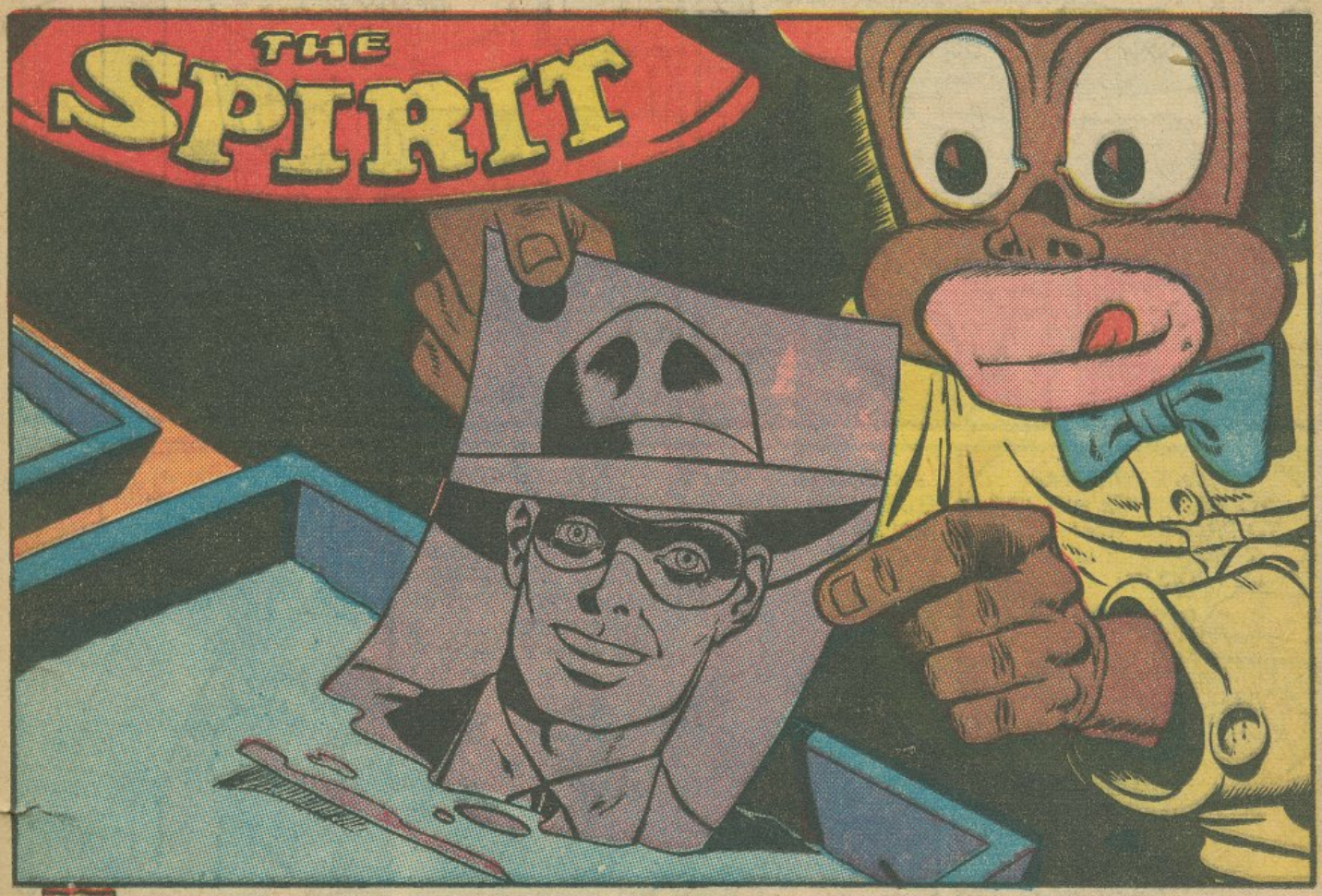

NOW, CHUM, LET'S GET THE LOW-DOWN ON YOU TWO!
OKAY! B-BUT LAY OFF!... WHEN JOLIENNE STARTED TO DIG UP EVIDENCE THAT HER OLD MAN WAS FRAMED, WE KNEW WE HAD TO GET RID OF HER!


THEN, WHEN SHE STARTED SNARLING AT YOU, WE SAW A PERFECT SET-UP HERE TO GET RID OF YOU BOTH BY PRETENDING TO HELP HER!
YOU SURE HELPED -- TO GET YOURSELVES IN JAIL!


I'M SORRY I HAD TO FRIGHTEN YOUR FRIEND AS I DID - BUT IT WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD GET YOU TO FOLLOW ME!
WHO WAS SCARED? HARUMPF! HUMAN BOMB, GET RID... OF THIS THING I... CAPTURED!


WELL!? GET RID OF HIM... SO I CAN GET UP! ... HUH?
THE END


Dewey DRIP
KINDA LIKE A CONSTABLE! M.P.'S GOT TO KEEP THE FRISKY SO'JERS IN LINE!
SO THEY MADE DEWEY A M.P. IN HONEY-LU-LU! WHAT'S A M.P.?
OH, BOY! AH NEVUH THOUGHT AH'D REACH THIS HIGH ---AH KIN ARREST ANY SO'JER --EVEN OFFICUHS -- IF THEY MISBEHAVES!
AN WHUT'S THIS -- A WOLF GENERAL ON THE LOOSE?
NOW, SEE HERE, HONEY!
BUT I HAVE ANOTHER DATE, I TOLD YOU!
COME HERE, YOU LITTLE--!
THET'LL BE ENUF OF THET!
WHY YOU---
EASY NOW -- AH BEEN TAUGHT HOW TO HANDLE YOU GUYS!
JU-JITSU! YUP, THET'S WHAT THEY CALLS IT!
AN' YUH KIN BREAK A MAN'S LAIG AS EASY AS PIE! MY, THIS IS INTERESTIN'!
YOU LUNATIC! LET GO OF MY UNCLE!
YO' UNCLE?
YES, YOU SAP! HE WANTED ME TO TAKE THAT CANDY TO MY AUNT, BUT I HAD A DATE I HAD TO KEEP RIGHT AWAY!
WAIT! THEY MUST BE A RULE AG'IN' ARRESTIN' M.P.'S!
AND ANOTHER RULE AGAINST BUSTIN' FUSSY GENERALS' LEGS!
MP
MP



ON this particular day, Mayor Blast kept a tight rein on his temper... but it finally broke loose and began galloping about unshod!...








THE ANSWER IS NO! ... THE SPIRIT ISN'T A CRIMINAL, AND YOU KNOW IT!
YOU'RE FIRED! THE "ALERT" WANTS ME TO APPOINT DENNIS HOLEY THE NEW COMMISSIONER -- AND I'M GOING TO DO IT!
MEANWHILE... IN THE SPIRIT'S RETREAT IN WILDWOOD CEMETERY...
HMMM! THIS TIME, MAYOR BLAST REALLY MEANS IT!
DOLAN'S WILLING TO SACRIFICE HIS JOB TO PROTECT ME! ... BUT I WON'T LET HIM DO IT!
AH SHO' WISH YOU'D STAN' STILL LONG ENOUGH FO' ME TO GET AT LEAST ONE GOOD PIKCHUR!
YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET A VERY INTERESTING PICTURE OF ME SOON, EBONY! BUT I MAY NOT LOOK MY BEST WITH BARS IN FRONT OF MY FACE!
SEE YOU IN JAIL!
WILL YOU ARREST ME, DOLAN? -- OR DO I BEGIN TOSSING AROUND THE FURNITURE?
YOU'RE CRAZY!
YOU DIDN'T COMMIT ANY CRIME! ... IT'S ILLEGAL TO ARREST YOU FOR NOT DOING ANYTHING!
A MR. DENNIS HOLEY TO SEE YOU, COMMISSIONER DOLAN! ...
YOU FOURFLUSHER! YOU'VE COME TO TAKE OVER MY OFFICE ALREADY!
I'VE DECIDED NOT TO WAIT FOR MAYOR BLAST TO FIRE YOU! I'VE BROUGHT SOME-- ER-- EVIDENCE THAT MIGHT PERSUADE YOU TO RESIGN!


IF YOU PERSIST IN BEING STUBBORN, THE "ALERT" WILL PRINT THIS!
WHAT?
SPIRIT!! IT'S A FRAME-UP! I--I-----
HMMM!
ISN'T THAT BROADWAY LILY... THE SHOW GIRL?
YOUR TASTE IN WOMEN RUNS TO THE EXPENSIVE KIND, DOLAN!
SPIRIT!... I SWEAR I NEVER SAW HER BEFORE IN MY LIFE!
I HAVE THE NEGATIVE OF THAT PICTURE! WE'LL EXPECT YOUR RESIGNATION BY MORNING OR THAT PICTURE WILL BE IN THE AFTERNOON PAPERS -- LABELED "COMMISSIONER DOLAN SURPRISED IN LOVE TRYST!"
Late
YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN DOLAN'S FACE! HE LOOKED POSITIVELY GREEN!
I DON'T BLAME HIM! THE READERS OF MY PAPER WOULD LOVE TO GET A LOOK AT THAT SNAPSHOT!
DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING? I--I THOUGHT I HEARD A WINDOW OPENING!...
JUST YOUR IMAGINATION, HOLEY! LET'S DRINK TO THE NEW POLICE COMMISSIONER! YOU AND I ARE GOING TO RUN THIS TOWN!


THAT WINDOW FRAME SQUEAKED!
IT'S LITTLE THINGS LIKE THAT WINDOW THAT KEEP ME FROM TAKING UP SECOND STORY WORK AS A PROFESSION!
NOW...LET'S SEE! HOLEY SAID HE WAS KEEPING THAT NEGATIVE! BUT IT'S NOT AMONG THESE PAPERS!
THE SPIRIT!
HELLO!... WHY DON'T YOU KNOCK BEFORE YOU COME IN?
YOU FINALLY MADE A SLIP! --- CALL THE POLICE, JIM!
SURE! BUT I'M CALLING THE "ALERT" FIRST! WHAT A SCOOP THIS IS!
THE SPIRIT ARRESTED FOR HOUSEBREAKING!... IF THIS DOESN'T FINISH DOLAN AS COMMISSIONER, NOTHING WILL!
Later...
WHY'D YOU DO IT, SPIRIT? YOU SHOULD'VE LET ME FIGHT MY WAY OUT OF THIS MESS BY MYSELF!
WE'VE BEEN TOGETHER THROUGH THE GOOD DAYS, DOLAN! WE'LL TAKE THE BUMPS TOGETHER, TOO!
I'LL MAKE A DEAL! YOU CAN HAVE MY RESIGNATION! JUST DROP THE CHARGES AGAINST THE SPIRIT!
DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! ---WE'VE GOT YOU BOTH, THIS TIME! ... YOU'RE ALL THROUGH, DOLAN!


MEANWHILE...
OH, MAH GOODNESS! MIST' SPIRIT'S SHO' GONNA LAUGH WHEN HE SEES THIS!
MIST' SPIRIT LOOKED POW'FUL SAD WHEN HE LEFT! AH'M JUS' GONNA FIND HIM AN' SHOW HIM DIS PIKCHUR TO CHEER HIM UP!
I'VE SENT FOR THE GUARDS TO TAKE YOU TO PRISON! SPIRIT, THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE!
I WON'T BE LOOKING! YOU CAN ESCAPE THROUGH THIS WINDOW!
G-GOODBYE, SPIRIT!
DOLAN, I---
I CAN'T DO IT, DOLAN! ... WE'LL SEE THIS THROUGH TO THE END!
YOU @%9!!#?%☆*!! FOOL!
MIST' SPIRIT BOSS...
EBONY!
AH BRUNG YO' DAT PIKCHUR WE TOOK ON DE PICNIC LAS' WEEK! IT SHO' DIDN' TURN OUT LAK WE EXPECT!
NO ... IT DIDNT... DOLAN!
5


LOOK AT THIS!
A DOUBLE EXPOSURE! ... YOU LOOK PRETTY SILLY!
WHY DIDN'T WE THINK OF THIS BEFORE, DOLAN?
YOU MEAN THAT PICTURE OF ME WAS FAKED? ... BUT HOLEY WOULDN'T DO A THING LIKE THAT!
YOU'RE ABOUT TO HAVE A JAIL BREAK!
SO LONG!
YOU'RE TOO LATE, HOLEY! THE SPIRIT HAS JUST NOW ESCAPED!
YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!


SEND OUT A GENERAL ALARM FOR THE SPIRIT!...
THIS WAS A DUMB MOVE, DOLAN!
YOU'LL BE ARRESTED FOR AIDING A CRIMINAL TO ESCAPE! MY FIRST ACT AS THE NEW POLICE COMMISSIONER WILL BE TO PUT YOU BEHIND BARS!
COME IN!... THE DOOR'S UNLOCK----- SPIRIT!!
YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A BIT, BROADWAY LILY!
THE YEARS TREAT YOU TENDERLY! HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SINCE THEY SENT FOXY DAN UP THE RIVER?
YOU SHOULD KNOW!
AH, YES... IT WAS DOLAN AND I WHO TRAPPED HIM IN YOUR APARTMENT! JUST FIVE YEARS AGO!
WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR? GET OUT OF HERE!
YOU'VE BEEN SAVING THE NEWSPAPER CLIPPING OF HOW DOLAN CAPTURED FOXY DAN! ... HOW THOUGHTFUL ---
--AND THIS PICTURE OF YOU, LILY!... JUST WHAT I NEED ---
PUT THAT DOWN!
OH, I COULDN'T THINK OF-----
YOU ASKED FOR IT!
BANG
7


OH!!
I THINK YOU'D BETTER COME WITH ME, LILY!
MEANWHILE...
YOU'VE RUINED MY CHANCES OF RE-ELECTION, DOLAN! MY OWN POLICE COMMISSIONER, A JAILBIRD! I COULD PUT ALL YOUR BRAINS ON THE END OF A PIN--AND HAVE STANDING ROOM!
JUST A MINUTE MAYOR BLAST!
SPIRIT!
BEFORE YOU DO ANYTHING RASH--TRY FITTING THESE PICTURES TOGETHER!
THIS IS NO TIME TO PLAY JIGSAW PUZZLES!
WELL... I'LL BE--! THEY MATCH!
A CLEVER "MASK JOB"! A LITTLE RETOUCHING WOULD ERASE ANY BETRAYING LINES! BROADWAY LILY PLANNED HER REVENGE WELL! DOLAN WOULD BE OUT OF HIS JOB--AND I'D BE IN JAIL!
JUST YOU WAIT UNTIL THE NEWSPAPERS GET THIS STORY!
YOU'D BETTER THANK EBONY! THAT DOUBLE EXPOSURE SHOT GAVE ME THE IDEA!
WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE AS A REWARD, MY LITTLE MAN?
ONE MORE DOUBLE CHOCOLATE!
WITH WHIPPED CREAM!

VANISHING DIAMONDS

INDIA! Land of intrigue, of vast wealth, of gems and glittering trappings, of despair and poverty. But withal, land of mystery!

I had the excellent good fortune to be included on a party of writers who recently visited India under the auspices of the British Dramatic Society, that very staid body of noble bigwigs who twit the public with virile pens and gull their friends by telling them how they do it.

But the trip I took on that India mission was no matter for twitting or gulling. It was a red-blooded, honest-to-goodness adventure—with horns! Let me tell you about it. And lest you think this is all my story, let me warn you that none other than the great American detective, Dick Mace, figured in a large measure in our adventure. In fact, without his aid . . . but that is getting ahead of our story.

Just for the dickens of it, we traveled from Calcutta to Delhi by bullock cart.

We arrived in Delhi early in the morning, just in time to partake of some thick Indian coffee from stone cups at a tiny sidewalk cafe presided over by a squat Arab with many scars on his face.

Our ultimate destination, of course, was Bombay. Why? Because that is where the natives on occasion seat their fabulous Aga Khan in a giant scale and balance his weight (275 pounds at this writing) in precious metals and diamonds. This was the diamond offering.

Perhaps I'd better explain this strange custom of the Ismaili. For something over 2000 years the natives have given two percent of their savings and earnings for the purpose of buying a fabulous gift for their beloved Khan on certain anniversaries. Don't forget that the poor Aga Khan only receives something like ten million dollars a year salary and gratituous offerings! So it is rather odd that his millions of followers deem it necessary to give him his weight in diamonds occasionally.

In gold, the Aga received not so very long ago, (weighing about the same as he does now) something like $245,000—this amount figured at India's rate of $60 an ounce instead of the $35 an ounce price paid in the United States.

In diamonds, pound for pound, the fat Aga Khan tipped the scales at $125,000,000!

In India, diamonds are a most important form of wealth and that country has huge quantities of the sparkling bits of quartz. Many financial transactions are carried out entirely in diamonds. Debts are paid in them, bets are made and even marriage dowries are often demanded in diamonds.

While the Mohammedan men are sometimes reluctant to put out their savings toward enriching their already vastly wealthy Aga Khan, the women are most devout in their reverence toward the Proprietor of Time and Existence, or the Repository of the Universal Soul, as he is sometimes called. They literally worship the ground he walks upon. They follow after him in the hope of sniffing the air he has breathed, and they pay fancy prices for tiny vials of the water in which he has taken a bath. They insist that their husbands give him the very best.

And so, when Sir Mohammed Moulana Hazar Iman Sarkar Sahib Sha Aga Sultan Khan III slips on a pair of the finest black silk pajamas obtainable and climbs into a seat on one end of the huge scales at Bombay, the diamonds that his followers pour onto the silken cushion on the opposite end are likely to be worth having.

That is exactly what a certain gang of international smugglers thought at the recent ceremony of the diamond pouring. Few persons, except those rightly supposed to know, surmised that the band of cutthroats were anywhere near India, much less Bombay.

One person knew—Dick Mace. He had been tipped off by the British Intelligence almost at the time the crooks landed at Ceylon, where they hoped to make a roundabout trip to the fated city in order to throw off suspicion.

621,643 carats. That's what the Aga Khan's carcass demanded in pure diamonds. If you figure those carats at only $200 per, you'll arrive at close to $125,000,000. Any wonder that a band of clever crooks were tempted?

But how to steal the precious collection! That is what bothered the leader of the gang, one Silk Morn, of Chicago. Silk had figured out campaigns for stealing everything you can imagine, but this time he was rather at a loss. The Indian police and intelligence were thick as fleas around the entire block where the ceremony was to take place. They were backed up by the British Intelligence, and special police. Dick Mace was, as usual, acting on his own.

I, together with other members of the British Dramatic group, were seated close to the great scales, in a particularly select position. That was British pull.

It was just noon. The sun was high, beating down upon the square which was a-dazzle with gay banners and streamers. A parade of gaily caparisoned elephants and camels shuffled around the square a couple of times, with musicians mounted upon them.

There were religious ceremonies, dances, and snake acts. And of course there were the inevitable fakirs with their rather startling (to Westerns) tricks. And horribly poor, emaciated alms seekers to which we all tossed a few rupees.

Suddenly loud trumpets sounded and the parade halted in its tracks. A page announced His Highness the Aga Khan. The latter rode into the square on a beautiful elephant and was lowered to the ground. He was resplendent in a rich white uniform with vast strands of pearls about fat neck and shoulders.

The ceremony got under way with dispatch. Several Nubian chaps balanced the seat of the great scale while the Aga climbed aboard. His weight swung the seat to the pavement. Then a white elephant came shuffling into the square, with a red-robed Mohammedan mounted upon him. Heavy saddle bags bulged at either side of the beast. He was halted near the scale and the robed figure got off. Slaves lifted the bags down.

Cries went up. And sighs. Women screamed and prayed for their beloved Aga, and crowded close to breathe the air he breathed.

Then the red-robed chap picked up one of the heavy bags and began pouring its sparkling contents onto the silken cushion reposing in the bucket at the opposite end of the scale beam. When it was empty, the Aga still sat on the street. The other began pouring forth its rich contents, and slowly the Great Personage began rising into the air. When he balanced exactly with the diamonds, the second bag was empty. Those bags had been measured correctly.

The Aga Khan got off his seat and bowed low to his friends and followers, who shouted and yelled prayers to Mohammed. Then he got on his elephant and rode off toward his palace.

The vast diamond basket was lifted into an armored truck, a very modern one, and it went roaring off toward the palace vaults.

It was the same afternoon, hardly a half hour after the armored truck's departure, that the hue and cry went up. The Khan's diamond had vanished! It had not only vanished, but it had *melted* before the very eyes of the palace vault guards!

The truth came out soon afterward. It seems that the red-robed figure who had ridden the white elephant and emptied the diamonds had been one of the Silk Morn gang. The rightful one had been murdered in his bed, his robes stolen, and a strange substitute made of the diamonds. One of Silk's henchmen had stained his face and hands a deep brown, to resemble a Moslem, and carried off the deception without a hitch. Well, without more than one hitch! Dick Mace had been on the job, even while British Intelligence and special police had been captivated by the ceremony.

Dick, it seems, had done some figuring while the others attempted to see that no harm came to the precious saddle bags. He had left Bombay earlier in the day and was speeding southward when the actual ceremony came off.

It was well that he did. A hundred miles south of the city his car came up behind a large sedan with the back curtain drawn. It was a noble appearing old crate, of American make, like so many Indian cars. Its occupants were a solemn faced Moslem family on their way to sell a few bags of betel nuts they carried in the tonneau.

Dick pulled up alongside and ordered the driver to stop. The latter was indignant, but acquiesced. Dick, with two provincial officers, searched the betel nut bags, finding in them not nuts but the Aga Khan's diamonds.

No, the Indian family knew nothing of the exchange. They thought the bags contained nuts. But Silk Morn had seen to that. He had made the exchange earlier in the day after learning of the family's destination.

Silk was on the trail of the sedan, too. His fast car skidded to a stop behind the sedan. But Dick and the officers were waiting. They covered the thieves with machine guns and quickly had irons on the four crooks.

Well, the end of the story is funny. You don't know how the red-robed chap could pour out thousands of carats of diamonds and yet Silk have the same amount of sparklers hidden in the innocent Indian's car. I'll tell you: Those diamonds we saw poured out in the square in Bombay were bits of—ice! The ceremony was carried out quickly enough so that no one noticed the ice melting. Not until the guards found only a pool of water on the silken cushion upon reaching the palace vaults.

Clever, what? But not so clever as Dick Mace!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 of POLICE COMICS published monthly at Buffalo, New York for October 1, 1945.

State of Connecticut } ss.
County of Fairfield }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the POLICE COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, George E. Brenner, 415 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Claire C. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Comic Magazines, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1945.

LOUIS J. KURIANSKY (My commission expires April 1, 1949.)


THERE is one place where mysteries end, where law and justice pursue no further --- the morgue!
Manhunter and his faithful dog, Thor, find that there are some crimes which defy death, and mysteries which outwear mortal life!
CRASH!
BANG!
Manhunter


At [illegible]ght the sleeping city [illegible] cloaked in a blanket of silence....
CITY MORGUE
NOT MUCH DOING ON THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT! I'LL BE GLAD WHEN THEY SHIFT ME BACK TO REGULAR DUTY!
IT IS KIND OF QUIET! BUT THEN IT'S ALWAYS QUIET AROUND HERE! THE DEAD DON'T MAKE MUCH NOISE!
MANY TIMES I WISH THERE WAS MORE EXCITEMENT! BUT I GUESS A MORGUE ATTENDANT'S JOB IS THE DEADEST IN THE WORLD! HA-HA!
WHAT'S THAT?
BAM BAM! BAM!
SHOTS! I MAY BRING BACK A CUSTOMER FOR YOU!
I ALWAYS LIKE COMPANY! PROVIDED THEY COME TO STAY!
YOU WON'T GET ME, COPPERS! ANYBODY WHO COMES AFTER HANDSOME HARRIDAN GETS A LEAD WELCOME!
BANG
BANG
In a nearby alley...
THE POLICE ARE HAVING TROUBLE! I GUESS THEY WON'T MIND A LITTLE HELP FROM MANHUNTER -- AND THOR!


A super-sonic whistle shrills a sound no human ear can pick up! Then ---
GOOD DOG! YOU'RE NEVER FAR AWAY!


SO THE MANHUNT BEGINS!


Moments later... on a roof.
GRRRRRR!
I HEAR YOU! I'LL BLAST---


YOU'RE LOOKING IN THE WRONG DIRECTION!
UGHHH!


TOO BAD YOU DON'T HAVE EYES IN THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD!


HANDSOME HARRIDAN-- THE FAMOUS JEWEL THIEF!
I'D BETTER SEARCH YOU!


GO AHEAD AND SEARCH! HERE'S ALL YOU'LL FIND!
GET HIM, THOR!
GRRRRR!
NO!
YA-AAAAA-AAAAA-A-A-A
TOO CLOSE! YOU ALMOST FOLLOWED HIM! THIS IS THE TRAIL'S END FOR HANDSOME HARRIDAN!
RICHARDS! YOU WERE THE FIRST ONE ON THE SCENE OF HANDSOME HARRIDAN'S DEATH! DID YOU REPORT EVERYTHING YOU FOUND?
YES, SIR!
POLICE


HARRIDAN STOLE A BLACK PEARL WORTH FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS! WE KNOW HE HAD IT ON HIM WHEN HE FELL TO HIS DEATH! BUT WE'VE SEARCHED THE WHOLE AREA WITHOUT FINDING IT!
SURELY YOU DON'T THINK THAT I---
HARRIDAN DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO HIDE THE PEARL! UNLESS HIS CORPSE WALKED OFF WITH IT, YOU'RE THE LOGICAL SUSPECT!
RRRINGG!
HELLO.... THE MORGUE CALLING? GOOD GRIEF! THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! HE COULDN'T WALK OUT-- OR COULD HE?
HARRIDAN'S CORPSE IS MISSING! I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY, RICHARDS! THERE'S ONLY ONE EXPLANATION NOW! HARRIDAN ISN'T AS DEAD AS WE THOUGHT!
HMM! I'D BETTER TALK TO THE MORGUE ATTENDANT!
DID YOU NOTICE ANYONE AROUND JUST BEFORE HARRIDAN DISAPPEARED?
JUST DEAD PEOPLE! HA-HA! ---NO! COME TO THINK OF IT, THERE WERE TWO GUYS HANGING AROUND!
ONE GUY HAD EYES STICKING OUT ALMOST LEVEL WITH HIS FOREHEAD! HE LOOKED LIKE A FLOUNDER!
NOT A BAD DESCRIPTION OF FLAT EYES DENGAN! HE USED TO BE HARRIDAN'S CHIEF LIEUTENANT!
THE PIECES OF THIS JIGSAW PUZZLE ARE STARTING TO COME TOGETHER! A VISIT TO FLAT EYES IS IN ORDER! SOMETHING TELLS ME HE'LL BE WILLING TO TALK TO... MANHUNTER!
5

JUST LIKE FLAT EYES TO HAVE HIS HEADQUARTERS ON A RIVER BOAT! HE DOESN'T WELCOME VISITORS!

BUT VISITORS ARE WHAT HE'S GOING TO GET! ... YOU SEE TO IT THAT WE'RE THE ONLY GUESTS, *THOR!*

READY TO OPERATE, DOC?

OF COURSE! THERE'S NO NEED FOR NERVOUSNESS!

THEY'RE GOING TO OPERATE ON HANDSOME HARRIDAN! THEN HE ***MUST*** STILL BE ALIVE!

MIND IF I WATCH?

MANHUNTER!

I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU REMEMBER ME, FLAT EYES!

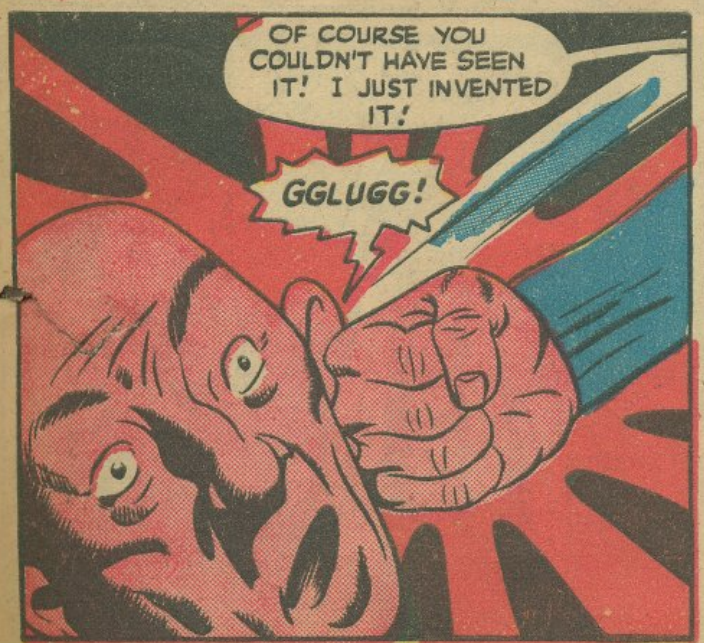
OWWW!


JUST SEE THAT YOU, DON'T FORGET ME!


OR DON'T YOU REMEMBER THAT I USED TO BE A WRESTLER?
THAT'S RIGHT!..


BUT HAVE YOU EVER...


... SEEN THIS TRICK?
EEEOW!


OF COURSE YOU COULDN'T HAVE SEEN IT! I JUST INVENTED IT!
GGLUGG!

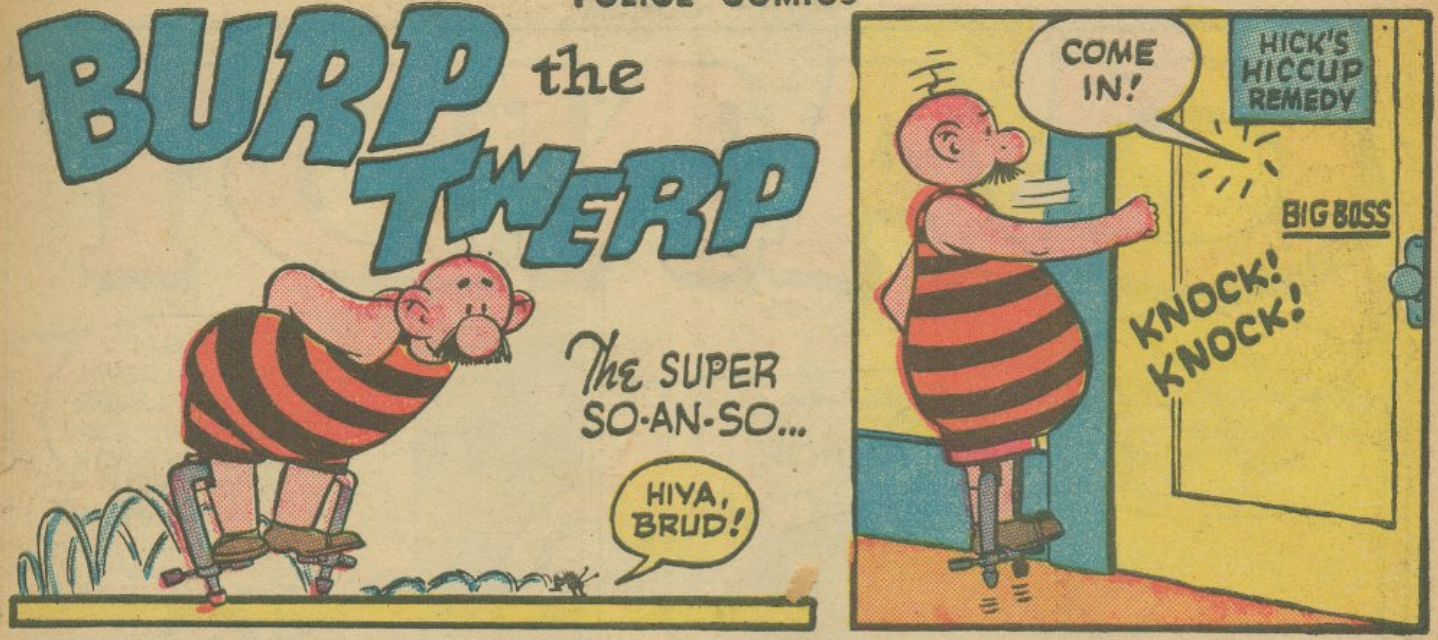

WHEW! YOU CAN'T BE SUCH A GOOD DOCTOR!


BEFORE YOU USE THE SCALPEL, YOU SHOULD GIVE AN ANESTHETIC! LIKE THIS!
POW!
OKAY, HARRIDAN! YOU CAN'T PLAY DEAD ANY LONGER! COME ON OUT OF YOUR WINDING SHEET!
WELL, I'LL BE ---! HE REALLY IS DEAD!
DON'T FRET! YOU'LL BE JOINING HIM SOON ENOUGH!
OHHH!
CRACK!
When Manhunter recovers consciousness...
THE DOC HERE IS GOING TO GIVE YOU AN OPERATION – FREE OF CHARGE! FRANKLY, MANHUNTER, I DON'T THINK YOU'LL LIVE THROUGH IT!
ASSUREDLY NOT!
THE SCALPEL EDGE WILL FIND ONLY THE MOST SENSITIVE NERVES AND TISSUES! YOU WILL KNOW PAIN SUCH AS NO MAN HAS EXPERIENCED -- BEFORE YOU DIE!
GRRRRRR!
IT'S MANHUNTER'S DOG!

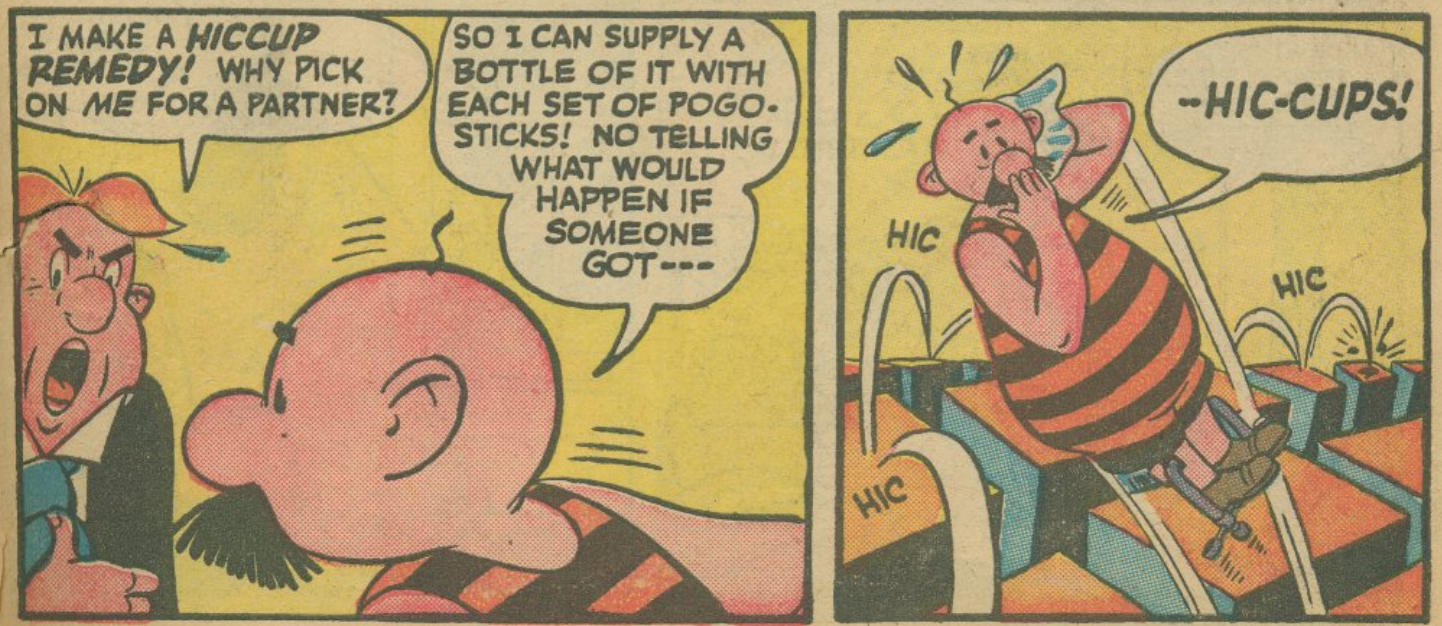

AHHH! HE'LL KILL ME!
SAVE ME!
HOLD STILL! I'LL PUT A BULLET IN THE BACK OF HIS HEAD!
GOT HIM!
BANG!
THE SCALPEL! IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!
IS THE MUTT DEAD ?
AS DEAD AS HARRIDAN! MANHUNTER'S NEXT!
I'LL FINISH MANHUNTER MYSELF!
I HATE TO DISAPPOINT YOU!
HEY!
SNAP!


POW!
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!
LIFE IS FULL OF THESE SAD LITTLE SURPRISES!
YOU DIDN'T DIAGNOSE THIS CASE CORRECTLY! YOU'RE STAYING--WITH A SLIGHT CASE OF CONCUSSION!
KLUNK!
THOR'S BADLY HURT! BUT HE'LL LIVE--PROVIDED I GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL IN TIME!
Later...
YOU MEAN THAT HANDSOME HARRIDAN SWALLOWED THE PEARL BEFORE HE WAS KILLED?
RIGHT! WHEN FLAT EYES READ THAT THE PEARL COULDN'T BE FOUND, HE GUESSED THE TRUTH! SO HE KIDNAPPED HARRIDAN'S BODY, AND HIRED A GANG SURGEON TO PERFORM AN AUTOPSY!
MANHUNTER CRACKED THIS CASE! IT'S THE FIRST TIME HE EVER HUNTED A DEAD MAN! I'M LUCKY HE DID--OR I MIGHT STILL BE SUSPECTED! ANYWAY, HE PROVED THAT EVEN A CORPSE CAN'T CHEAT THE LAW!
Once again silence cloaks the sleeping city. And the quiet is more than some nerves can stand!
I'M QUITTING THIS JOB NEXT WEEK! NOTHING EVER HAPPENS AROUND A MORGUE! IT'S TOO DULL!
IT ALL DEPENDS ON HOW YOU LOOK AT IT! GOOD NIGHT, HARRY! I'VE GOT TO RING IN NOW!
CITY MORG
POLICE
I GUESS SOME PEOPLE WILL FIND EXCITEMENT WHEREVER THEY GO, EH, THOR?

BURP the TWERP

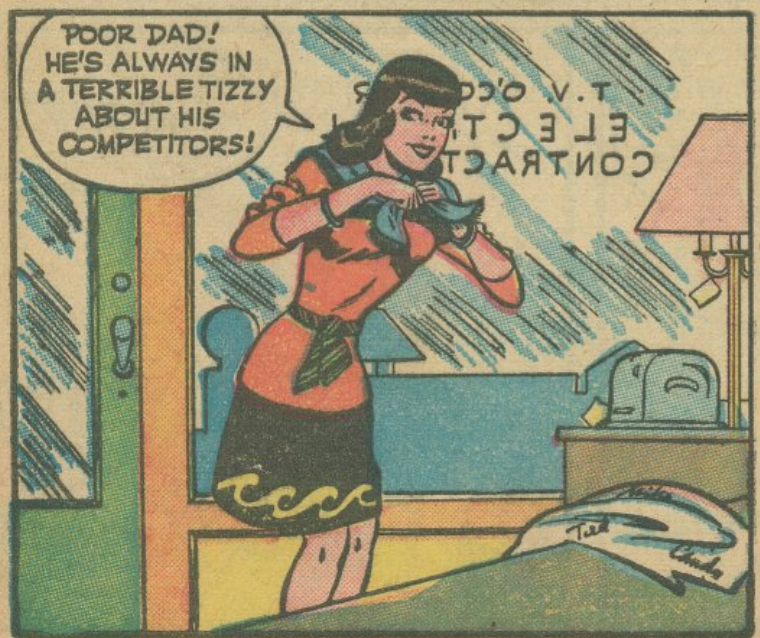






CANDY


GOSH, DAD, WHAT BUILT A FIRE UNDER YOU?
T. V. O'CONNOR
I'VE GOT TO RUSH DOWN TO THE LEVER CONSTRUCTION COMPANY WITH THIS BID! STICK AROUND!
Trish
Candy
Bert
"Lil"
Ted
Harry
Artie
Virginia
C.O'C. 1946 T. D.
Bob
George
Pamela
SAHLE


POOR DAD! HE'S ALWAYS IN A TERRIBLE TIZZY ABOUT HIS COMPETITORS!


WHEW! IT'S STUFFY IN HERE!


THERE! THAT'S BETTER ---
OOPS!
YEEOW! I'VE GOT TO GET MY GRABBERS ON THEM BEFORE THEY ALL BLOW AWAY!
CRASH!
OH!
SPLASH!
OH, FOOF! THEY'RE ALL SOAKING WET!
I'LL SOON PUT THE FIX ON THAT!
T.V. O'CONNOR
ESTIMATE
ESTIMATE
THEY'LL BE DRY IN A JIFF!--
HELLO, CANDY!
BULBS
RADIO REPAIR
CONTRACTOR
2


IS YOUR DAD IN? HMMM?...
WHY, NO, MR. SMITH! HE JUST BEAT FEET DOWN THE STREET A MINUTE AGO!
HMMMMM!
T.V. O'CONNOR TO LEVER CO.
ESTIMATE $2,000
WELL, I GOTTA GO NOW! HMMMMM!
A REAL HOT BUY IN
YIPPY! THESE ARE DONE ALREADY!
BULBS
I HOPE I CAN DRY THE REST BEFORE DAD ANKLES BACK IN!
Buy Now!
BUY Lamps
CANDY! WHAT ARE MY PAPERS DOING ON THAT LINE?
WELL, DAD, YOU SEE-- THE PAPERS GOT WET AND---


HAS ANYBODY SEEN THESE?
OH, NOBODY BUT THAT OLD GABBY SMITH!
YIIII! MY SECRET BID!
HE'LL TELL EVERYBODY! WHERE DID HE GO?
THERE HE IS NOW! LEAVING MR. GREEN'S SHOP!
GREEN'S ELECTRIC SHOP
OHH! I'LL HAVE TO MAKE OUT A LOWER BID AND LOSE MONEY!
?
CLICK! CLICK!
HERE! HURRY TO THE LEVER CONSTRUCTION COMPANY WITH THIS NEW BID!
OKAY, DAD!
HELLO, TED! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
OUR LOW PRICES ARE SHOCKING! Buy NOW and SAVE!
OH, I JUST GOT A LIFT FROM MR. STEVENS IN HIS NEW ELECTRICAL COMPANY TRUCK!...
GABBY SMITH WAS WITH US AND ---
WHAT?
4

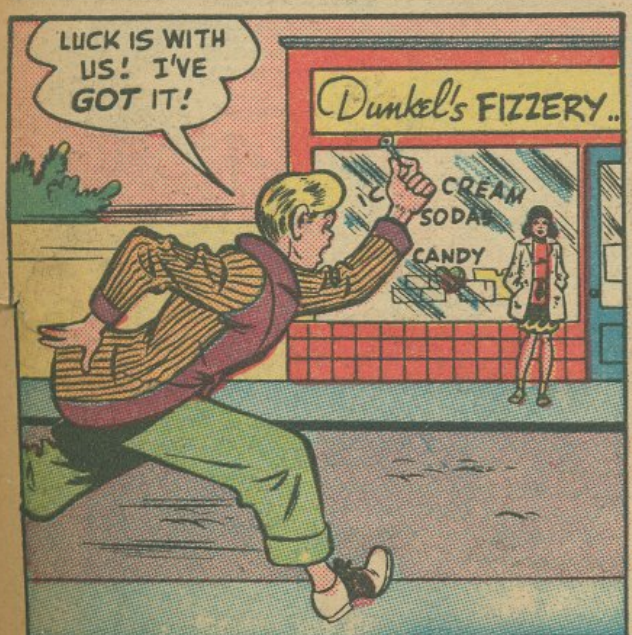

HE CERTAINLY GETS AROUND! I'LL HAVE TO MAKE A STILL LOWER BID NOW TO BEAT THAT CHEAP-SKATE STEVENS! I'LL LOSE MONEY, BUT I'VE GOT TO DO IT!
CLICK CLICK
CLICK CLICK
I JUST SENT CANDY TO THE LEVER COMPANY! GET THERE BEFORE SHE DOES!
REET!
WHAT'S GOT HIS GAUGE UP? OH --- THERE'S CANDY NOW!
HI! I'M DOING A PONY EXPRESS FOR YOUR DAD!
OH, SLOW DOWN, TED! HE'S ALWAYS STEAMING UP OVER TRIFLES! LET'S HAVE A COKE!
Frock
And time swiftly passes...
CREEPERS! LOOK AT THAT CLOCK!
YIPES! LET'S GET MOVING!
LEVER CO.
ZIP IT! WE'RE ALMOST THERE!
BUT, TED...
READ
JUST OUT!
POLICE COMICS
CANDY
5

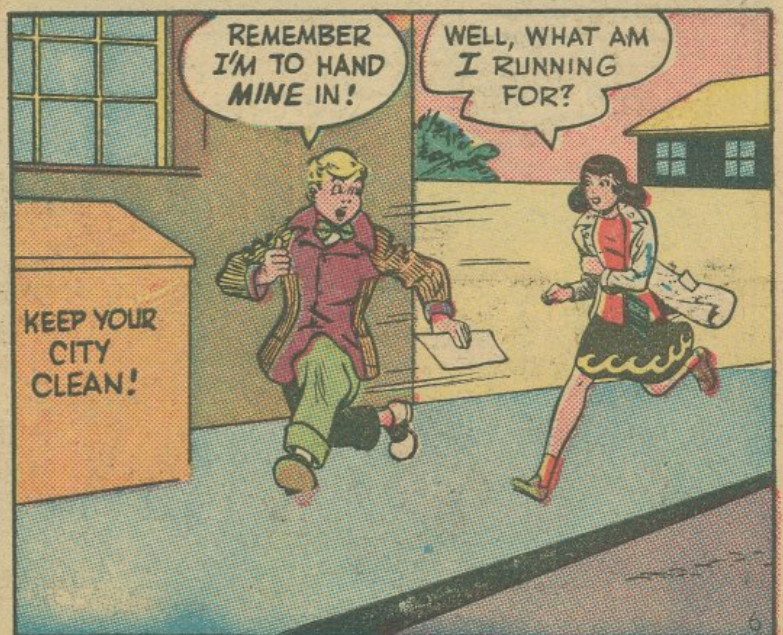

--- WE FORGOT THE ENVELOPES!
YIIIII!
LEVER COMPANY ...


YOUR DAD'LL BLOW HIS TOP IF I DON'T GET THAT LETTER THERE!
LOOK!


OH!
OHHHH!
CLOSED ... OUT TO SUPPER


WAIT HERE! I KNOW WHERE HE CHOWS UP! I'LL GET THE KEY!
TRISH
Jack
Bill
George
CORNELIA


LUCK IS WITH US! I'VE GOT IT!
Dunkel's FIZZERY..
CREAM SODA
CANDY


REMEMBER I'M TO HAND MINE IN!
WELL, WHAT AM I RUNNING FOR?
KEEP YOUR CITY CLEAN!

HEY! WHERE DO YOU KIDS THINK YOU'RE GOING? THIS PLACE CLOSED FIVE MINUTES AGO!

LEVER COMPANY

OHHHHH!

?

NOW WHAT WILL WE DO?

CANDY! TED!

NOW WE'LL CATCH IT!

FOR ONCE I'M GLAD YOU DIDN'T DO SOMETHING YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO DO!

MR. LEVER PHONED AND ACCEPTED MY ORIGINAL BID OF $2,000!

BUT, DAD, WASN'T THERE SOMETHING ABOUT GAB ... ER... MR. SMITH SEEING...

NAW! HOW COULD HE? HE ONLY CAME IN TODAY LOOKING FOR HIS GLASSES!

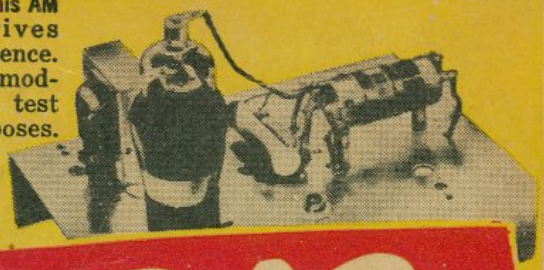
... AND HE CAN'T SEE A THING WITHOUT THEM!

I STILL DON'T GET IT! ... BUT I LIKE IT!



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